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Little Cheer-Up Allegory



L. B. Henning Hommerfoss
Author of "Markblomster".



Lise W. Henning Homnefoss

Little Cheer-Up

Allegory

by

Lise B. Hennig Hommefoss

Author of "Markblomster"



Translated from Norwegian

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By
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PREFACE.

The following story, written in an allegorical form, sets forth my happy and bright disposition as a little boy, that always helps and cheers me, and makes my work easier.

The secret of "Little Cheer-Up's" endurance is explained in the last part of the book.

The model for the illustrations is a dear little boy, of my acquaintance in Merriam Park, St. Paul, Minn.

My wish is, that "Little Cheer-Up" may bring cheer and blessing to many.

*This I am sure he will do ere he stop
For he is remarkable — "Little Cheer-Up".*

L. B. Henning Hommefoss.

Headquarters: 2139 Carroll Ave., St. Paul, Minn.



Little Cheer-Up.

An Inheritance from my dear Mother.

Thankful to God I should certainly be,
For giving this bright disposition to me —
The gift is so precious, in saying the least,
It's always like having a wonderful feast.

Dear "Little Cheer-Up" my mother's best gift,
Shines like a star through the clouds open rift,
Since I received him as gift at my birth,
Of kindly protection there will be no dearth.

If "Little Cheer-Up" a vacation does take,
"Dispondent" can never his home with me make.
None of such visitors can with me stay,
If they appear, we'll chase them away.

Different Visitors.

If "Lonesome" peeps in, as she passes along
At once "Little Cheer-Up" composes a song —
She dares not to enter — for right in sight
Is dear little "Cheer-Up" who drives her to flight.

Little "Miss Lonesome" is not very bad,
But often she makes the home very sad;
All of you know how to get her to stop:
Make her acquainted with "Little Cheer-Up."

You that have often "Dispondent" as guest,
Just let me tell you what now would be best:
Don't entertain him, but open the door,
Welcome "Little Cheer-Up" as never before.

Just on a day when you have much to do,
Then "Mr. Cross" comes to visit you, too;
But do not let "Little Cheer-Up" depart,
When on your work you are ready to start.

No, "Mr. Cross" never lends you a hand.
Just to make trouble, see, that is his plan;
You can always rely on "Little Cheer-Up"
He washes your door from bottom to top.

Little Cheer-Up's Recommendation.

Safely I can recommend him to you —
He has at all times been helping me through,
Thus he makes easy the work of all kind,
Till I am uplifted and happy in mind.

Merry and lively this dear fellow is,
But accustomed to pay much attention to this:
When all things around him are clean — he'll succeed,
And all honest people he likes well, indeed.

Life has taught "Cheer-Up" to use common sense,
He never goes to theater nor dance.
If ever he ventured into such a place —
He surely would die of grief and disgrace.

Do not mistake him for the wrong Cheer-Up.

There is another with a similar name,
He brings to some people much sorrow and shame.
He goes to theater, to dance and saloon,
And visiting there, all his senses are gone.

Remember then well my friend when I say:
These two, they differ as night does from day,
Have you but once a chance to shake his hand,
You know right then, he is another man.

Little Cheer-Up in the Street Car.

When in the street car we sometimes took a ride,
He was greatly puzzled and could not decide
Why most of the seats were occupied by men,
And many times ladies by their side had to stand.

But very much pleased I quite often him saw,
When men did get up with a courteous bow —
And offered their seats to the ladies with grace,
Then, sunshine and smile was his dear little face.

Little he is, but he can understand
Politeness is so becoming to men.
If anyone passes ahead through the door,
It hurts "Little Cheer-Up" as never before.

The precious "Miss Joy" is often our guest,
And always her harp is tuned as she knows best
Dear "Little Cheer-Up" has hold of her hand,
Thus in life's struggle together they stand.

A Review.

The Journey from Norway.

The day that we left our beloved old home,
And upon the huge steamer Tietgen had come,
A great host of friends from far and from near,
Brought flowers and gifts for my "Cheer-Up" so dear.

On board there were people from different lands,
Acquaintance we formed with some of the bands.
A feeling of sadness we never did share,
For "Cheer-Up" was playing around us, just there.

Second class cabin was like a hotel,
With everything first class — we did feel so well.
We often had sermons, fine music and song,
And good reading that helped pass the time along.



"Little Cheer-Up" in New York.

That day when we came to the foreign shore,
And nobody met us — we remained on board —
My happiest feelings all came to a stop,
But the one who was faithful was "Little Cheer-Up."

A relative met us, to Brooklyn we went,
And to Mrs. Fredricks for lodging were sent.
And then as we stepped on American soil,
We felt well rewarded for all of our toil.

To an employment office we went for advice;
In there sat a dame of magnificent size,
With sceptical eyes she at us did stare,
And called out in great surprise: "That lady there!"

I was not brought up to serve as a maid,
Yet of such work I was never afraid;
We took it good-natured, no protest did raise,
For this "Little Cheer-Up" deserves all the praise.

A friend of mine kindly took me around,
A place with an imposing mistress we found;
I did my best — but she brought me to tears —
And "Cheer-Up" could hardly protect his own ears.

On trial a week we promised to stay,
We both did rejoice when we went away;
When out on the street with our baggage we came
Our thanks we tendered the Lord's holy name.

At Carrol Street Church to a social we went,
By the kind pastor in there we were sent;
Many were there, we were placed near the door,
"Little Cheer-Up" was happy as never before.

On Columbia Street.

Soon an agreement with Meyers I made,
Norwegians came there, we had a large trade;
Buying and selling I know how to do,
I followed that line in my native land, too.



"You can always rely on 'Little Cheer-Up,'
He washes your door from bottom to top."

Busy we were at all times, to be sure,
And trials of all kinds we had to endure;
To tell it in details, I don't like to do —
But dear "Little Cheer-Up" was helping me through.

In Brooklyn a cash-basket once struck my head,
Which instantly might have caused my death.
In back and in shoulders the pain entered quick,
And during the day-rush I felt rather sick.

Yes, weakness and pain which sometimes brought
tears,
Has been my experience for a number of years.
My health is all broken — that I can tell,
But dear "Little Cheer-Up" helps me so well.

New Prospects for us both.

So in the hustle from morning to eve,
I did from a friend a letter receive;
She wished a dressmaker no longer to be,
But start in some business together with me.

She had the money, experience had I,
We might have success, it was worth while to try.
I wrote my acceptance, my view, and intent,
A fine "recommend" in a letter was sent.

From the first I decided to start in a store,
And work as a clerk, as I had done before,
Later, my friend and I better could see
What chance to start business for us there would be.

That time we decided we Brooklyn would leave,
Mr. Meyer invited us for supper one eve;
How well we remember his home very fine,
With the Meyer family it was pleasant to dine.

Mrs. Meyer then asked in a friendly tone,
If I planned to depart for Chicago alone;
"Are you to be married?" the man at me flung,
"Little Cheer-Up" did answer: "Oh, no, she's too young."

"Little Cheer-Up" in Chicago.

To the great city — Chicago — we came,
The writers of history will spread all its fame;
But some people there were queer in the main,
If I only tell it, I would all entertain.

That mercantile business, it surely was great,
But listen to some things I here will relate.
I cannot quite see how they really did dare,
By force through the window my "Cheer-Up" to scare.

You surely can see I this could not bear —
But to cause trouble, I did not quite dare;
Most of you wonder: "What has she in mind?"
Out hunting my "Little Cheer-Up" to find.

Just think what those people had placed in my way,
"Little Cheer-Up" could easily have gone astray,
Over at Evanston he finally did stop —
I was so glad when I found "Little Cheer-Up."

When to that same store for shopping we came,
Happy by my side, he was always the same,
I wanted that head-boss a vision to see,
That "Cheer-Up" did live for protection of me.

Beautiful Evanston for us was best,
There for a while we could both be at rest.
The air was so pure, I feel I must tell,
My "Little Cheer-Up" was healthy and well.

More mindful of him I watched him, too,
And then took him with me up to Montague,
The work was so hard, yes — worse than in a store,
But "Cheer-Up", he helped me, as ever before.

To leave for Chicago our minds we made up,
And there with a pastor decided to stop;
That winter was cold, but don't take alarm
In the spring-time we left and moved to a farm.

Little "Cheer-Up" tries the Country Life.

The farmer's good father was so very kind,
"Little Cheer-Up" in him a true friend did find;
But his old mother was cranky instead,
My "Cheer-Up" came pretty near loosing his head.

There we were offered for one lifetime to be,
But such a proposition could never suit me,
I would never be happy — never be still,
If in that relation they "Cheer-Up" would kill.

How well I remember the day and the place
They gave "Little Cheer-Up" a blow in his face —
Leave the farm-house perhaps we should do?
Then said "Little Cheer-Up": "It is here they need
you."

From the first he laughed and shouted with glee,
Then up he climbed into a large oak tree;
To climb in the branches he never should try,
For the tree may be old, and also quite dry.

He thought for a while -- at last he climbed up,
Until soon he was very near to the top;
A wind shook the tree — he fell down — it was bad,
He was sick a long time, miserable and sad.

This shock caused him illness, I put him to bed,
His tongue was dry, very warm was his head —
As soon as I looked at his mouth and his nose,
I hastily gave him a medical dose.

That accident brought me much sorrow and pain,
— I packed all my things, went away on the train. —
Poor “Little Cheer-Up” was feeling so ill,
He could not look up — but only lie still.

“Little Cheer-Up” in Forest City.

To Forest City, Iowa, we then went away,
Where my “Little Cheer-Up” with comfort could
 stay,
To dwell with a pastor we thought it was best,
What then he most needed was surely a rest.

His arms and his feet were saved from a wreck,
But he had an ailment right in his back;
I could not let him from such trouble stay sick,
He took some adjustments of Chiropractic.

In every city, to stranger and friend,
I gladly can Chiropractic recommend;
Just try it — and soon you will feel like a Youth,
Because Chiropractic is built on the truth.

He rested so well for six weeks of time,
Then we wanted to try a different clime;
We went to Minneapolis, and early in the fall
"Little Cheer-Up", relieved, was not sick at all.

"Little Cheer-Up" in Minneapolis.

He sometimes can say in a serious vein:
"Our profit this summer was not a great gain."
But I am so glad that my dear little friend
Has from his illness recovered again.

We would not have had such grief and turmoil,
If never we had stepped on Emmetsborgs soil;
For my "Little Cheer-Up" it surely was bad,
But he thereby a valuable lesson has had.

My thought was to help him no longer to roam,
For long "Little Cheer-Up" has needed a home;
But now after this we will take it with ease —
Together will stay — nothing more will us please.

Now when we at times pass a large, old oak tree --
"Little Cheer-Up" just smiles in passing, you see,
He is tempted no more by its beautiful top,
In trees, he will hardly again enter up. —



"To climb in the branches he never should try,
For the tree may be old and also quite dry."

In Minneapolis good friends we did find,
The pastor, who met us, was courteous and kind;
In the church we met many ladies, and some
Have asked us to come to their cozy home.

At Lake Minnetonka we worked for a time,
My dear "Little Cheer-Up" was helpful and kind;
But that work was hard on both of us there,
So we left in a month, I and "Cheer-Up" so dear.

We looked for position, and went all around,
But none that was suited for weeks could be found;
East again — to Evanston we then went away,
While looking for work, with old friends we could
stay.

"Little Cheer-Up" in one of Chicago's Suburbs.

The summer was gone, and late in the fall
I from an orphanage did have a call,
Soon we decided the position to take,
But I think in each paradise lingers a snake.

Our work we did well, e'en on busiest day,
But my co-worker only obstructed my way;
She lied to the mistrees, with gossip did go,
At last "Little Cheer-Up" was sleeping on straw.

A large party for children, both big and small,
At the happy yuletide was held in the hall.
Gifts were presented by old "Santa Claus",
But not even an apple was given to us.

Three women we were who hungry retired,
And two of us only some water desired.
Down in the dining room, Oh — what a sight —
Guess what we saw, as we turned on the light?

For us who were hungry it was surely no fun
To see on the platter a turkey, well done,
Forbidden — we knew it — we dared not to stop,
— But on straw in the corner lay "Little Cheer-Up".

"Little Cheer-Up" in Chicago again.

A terrible cold spell at New Year we had,
And alas — some died, it was very sad —
It was cold in that home where we chanced to be,
But faithful and true was my "Cheer-Up" to me.

In South California with wonderful clime,
Perhaps there our strength would return in time;
If "Little Cheer-Up" the money could spare,
It would not take long before we'd be there.

In the spring we trimmed hats over at Fisk's,
"Cheer-Up" felt so well, he could everything risk :
There we could better our happiness find,
For to "Little Cheer-Up" they all were so kind.

The firm for the trimmers positions did arrange,
For much better pay, if we wanted to change ;
In Iowa State to a woman I came,
But how I was treated by her was a shame.

Impossible was she, her promise did break,
My "Cheer-Up" some violent knocks had to take :
He soon will be killed, if here we shall stay,
So, right after Easter we both went away.

First to Forest City, to visit a friend ;
Soon "Little Cheer-Up" was smiling again.
Then to Minneapolis — we had been there before --
Where we looked for position with firm or store.

"Little Cheer-Up" back in Minneapolis.

Diverse experience you see I have found,
In Norway I never went this way around ;
For years with the same firm there I did stay,
And dear "Little Cheer-Up" was with me each day.

All kinds of trials I have had to stand,
I am here alone in this foreign land. —
What would become of me? — Yes, I want to ask,
If "Cheer-Up" did not measure up to each task.

A little work here and there we had to do,
Our board was not fancy, that is very true;
For "Little Cheer-Up" it was hard to endure,
But we learned contentment, at that, to be sure.

In South Minneapolis the air is so fine,
At Sonnesyn's store a position was mine;
But after a few weeks I was taken quite ill,
My "Cheer-Up" took it hard, but had to be still.

Behind the counter I feel as fish does in sea,
For buying and selling, it always suits me;
To ladies' hats I can also give style,
Employed with a firm I worked for a while.

"Little Cheer-Up" gets hard Treatment.

*He gets a "thorn" in his eye and a "horn" in his side.**

The business was great, yes, fine to be sure,
But very hard days there we had to endure,
The head lady always had a temper so ill,
My dear "Little Cheer-Up" she almost did kill.

* "A thorn in the eye" and "a horn in the side" are Norwegian idioms meaning a person you hate to see; a person you have a grudge against.

She scolded and acted so mean through it all,
That down the stairway "Little Cheer-Up" did fall;
But lucky was I, for I lost not my friend,
But injured severely I found him again.

It did not look nice, but what could we do?
Our wish was to work there the whole season through.
Into his right eye had come a big "thorn",
His side near the heart was pierced by a "horn."

His wounds were all healed surprisingly fast,
The "thorn" and the "horn" were pulled out at last;
He could not his side with a "horn" infest
It hinder him would his food to digest.

"Little Cheer-Up" in St. Paul.

Different scenes I before you could lay,
We have worked in some places for very small pay;
We had bread, but not always butter on top,
And this I have done for my "Little Cheer-Up".

Happiness depends not on money alone,
Comfort is needed — when the work is well done;
I could not command "Little Cheer-Up" to stay,
When loudly he cried: "They will surely me slay."

We have even been trying these things to do —
With water and crackers for lunch to get through,
I rather the butter and beef would refuse,
Than I would risk my "Little Cheer-Up" to lose.

If somebody offered me a home very fine,
And "Cheer-Up" could not go with me as mine —
I could not accept it, — no, I never would,
Without "Little Cheer-Up"? — don't see how I could.

My dear little friend, they have caused him much
fright,
Quite often they have tried to scare him to flight;
But now when I know what my "Cheer-Up" must
stand
I surely will protect him as much as I can.

For he is a faithful and good little man,
He always is ready to do what he can.
Now, when he always is right by my side
It is my duty for him to provide.

A Visit at the Office of "Daily Tidude".

And then for a while my thought I did nurse:
A long advertisement I wrote up in verse,
Poetry on occasions I offered to make,
Such work for friends I quite often did take.

I thought they would take it in without pay,
But I had miscalculated my way —
A young fellow there spoke to me in this wise:
“Ten dollars for this ad, see, that is our price.”

Ten dollars — too much for me — there is no doubt,
I turned to the door and I quickly went out,
My “Little Cheer-Up” did the matter discard,
And whispered: “The path of the poet is hard.”

In Employment Office in St. Paul.

To an employment office I went one day,
Waiting for the manager I had to stay:
A furniture store wished a cashier to hire,
Just such a position would be my desire.

The struggle for life is so hard, yes, — indeed —
That manager answered: “A young one we need,
A girl of sixteen or eighteen we seek,
We can only pay her eight dollars a weeek.”

I wanted to begin though the pay was so small,
My long experience recommends me to all.
Poor me, I knew that my purse was so light,
But, “a young girl we want,” he firmly replied.

Listen to "Dispondent" I would not do,
But to my rescue "Little Cheer-Up" come, too,
He cheeringly whispered: "Your courage don't lose
Write poetry aunty, you can if you choose."

"Little Cheer-Up" on Hospital Visits.

When to my sick friend a visit I make,
Then, as a rule, much care I must take,
If she is too weak, I dare not invite
Into the sick-room my "Cheer-Up" so bright.

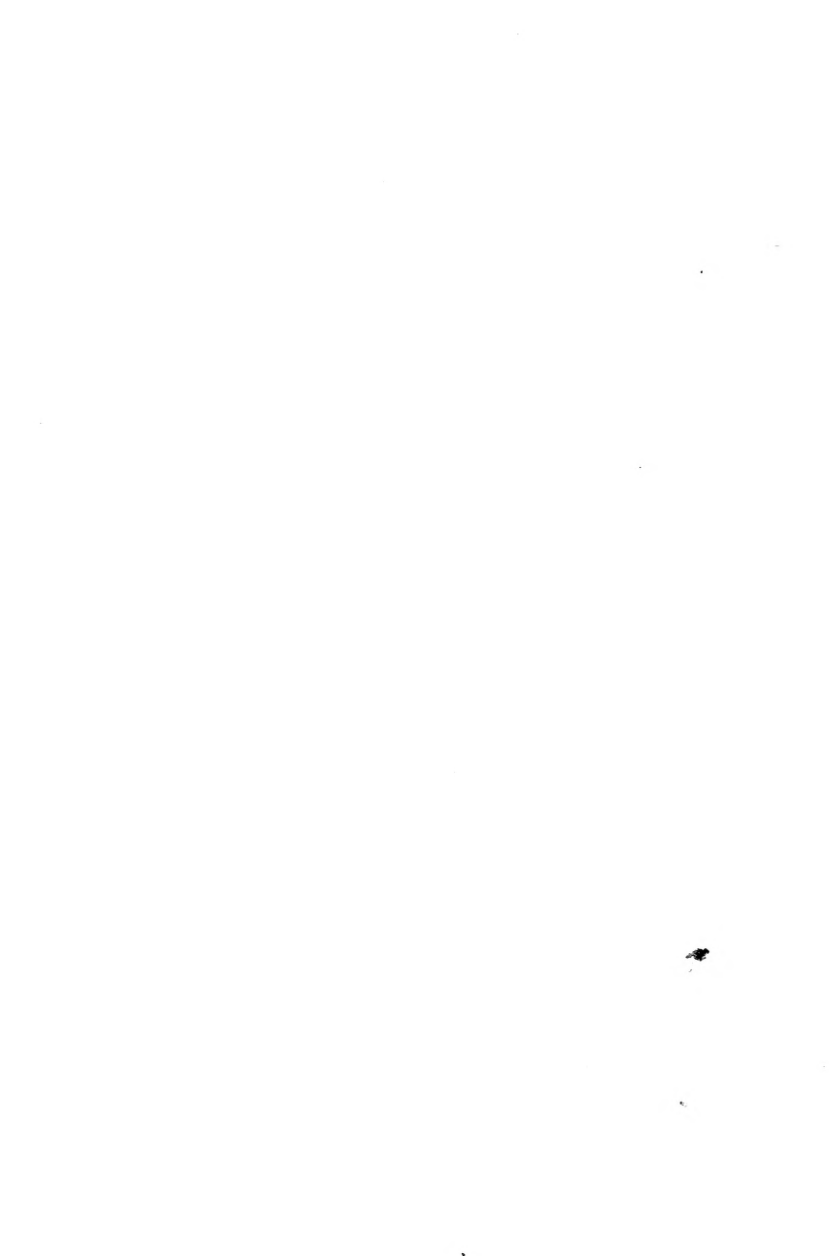
But when I see her, at once I perceive
Just what I shall do to bring her relief;
Quite often she likes, I am sure of it too,
To get of my dear "Little Cheer-Up" a view.

But if he, at times, is unruly too long,
And makes too much noise with his play and his song,
We know how to stop the little one's noise —
Just let him hear "Mrs. Common Sense's" voice.

He always knows it is done for his good —
And admits it was needed, that I understood;
He's accustomed to say, when in bed he's tucked in:
"Many thanks, dearest aunt, for your strict discipline."



"His wounds were all healed surprisingly fast
The 'thorn' and the 'horn' were pulled out at last."



If for a long time a small income we had,
He becomes so serious and looks rather sad,
But if "Dispondent" tries to peep in as before,
At once "Little Cheer-Up" will show him the door.

An unpleasant Noise.

At times we do hear such a terrible noise —
"Frau Worry" is driving to town with her boys;
Then "Little Cheer-Up" is quick as the wind,
And fastens the doorlatch, so she cannot get in.

"Frau Worry" is terribly ugly, I'm told,
Her back is so bent and her eyes very bold.
Her arms are so long and her fingers like steel.
She always can make her poor victims to squeal.

So many have suffered from her attack,
And though she is put out, she is sure to be back.
She presses one unto her bosom so cold,
And there you will find great sorrows untold.

An old well known Building.

'Mid rubbish and stuff right by the highway
The school-house Experience lies, painted in gray;
That institution is fitted for you,
If with your schooling you never go through.

That building is not so inviting you know,
The walls being whipped by storm and by snow;
The ablest of teachers you surely find there,
And when you're acquainted, to you they'll be dear.

When there you for years in study spent time,
You knowledge will have of different kinds;
The longer you work with your studies — indeed,
The more you will find that learning you need.

I wonder if you in that school-house so gray
Could raise yourself above all earthly dismay?
No — you never can hoist yourself up with a rope,
A hand that is stronger must be all your hope.

Near Christmas 1912.

One evening I talked with my "Little Cheer-Up."
He always listens to me till I stop,
Our day's work was over, and after our meal,
We talked long together and happy did feel.

Listen to me now, my "Little Cheer-Up,"
What do you think that our friends will get up?
Will someone invite us to spend Christmas Eve,
Or will they forget us, what do you believe?

He winked his eyes, this fellow of mine —
“If they should forget us, at home we will dine,
Here we will feast on our mush made from rice
And some Christmas bread, I am sure will suffice.

The business and rush we quite early will leave,
The Spirit of Christmas we both must receive,
We'll read and we'll sing a beautiful song,
The time, don't you know, will not be so long.

If the evening is fine and the weather is fair,
We will promenade in the streets over there,
A glimpse we may get of a beautiful tree,
You know that is something we both like to see.

My dear little friend, we must have a tree,
With candles and trimmings, how bright it will be;
A tree, as before, with a beautiful top —
“But, can we afford it just now?” said “Cheer-Up”.

My friend you have shown remarkable sense,
To publish our book will be an expense —
What little we make, for that we work hard,
But, we shall try to sell for this Christmas some cards.

We tried to sell cards, but the profit was poor,
Oh, if we had only started before —
A few dollars then we perhaps would have earned,
But too late we began, that we soon learned.

The people as a rule kindly did us receive ;
The pastor invited us for Christmas Eve.
Hereafter we never mistrust will a friend,
For often he will us a helping hand lend.

Christmas Eve in Minneapolis 1912.

In the minister's home we ate mush made of rice,
Tastefully served in plates of right size —
And "Lutefisk", too, with melted butter on top,
"Just like in Norway," said "Little Cheer-Up."

Yes, this was an evening — a banquet for us two,
We both did enjoy it the whole evening through,
Gifts we received, yes — various things —
My "Little Cheer-Up" 'got a nice napkin ring.

The Secret of "Little Cheer-Up's" Endurance.

How can it be that my "Little Cheer-Up"
Can pass through it all, and still be on top?
The secret of this I am ready to tell ;
With all your attention you listen must well.

Quite often was "Cheer-Up" in need and distress,
Alone he would have been dead, I confess,
But strength he received from his "Uncle Faith,"
Just what to do, he would always relate.

“Miss Hope” is a daughter of dear “Uncle Faith,”
She always does follow “Miss Joy,” as her mate;
“Miss Love” at all times follows close at their heels,
And with all whom she meets she lovingly deals.

“Miss Love,” she is always so pleasant to meet,
I know you’ll feel happy when you can her greet,
She never gets bitter, and harbors no ills
And always with patience her duties fulfills.

“Uncle Faith” has a sister, “Dame Trust” is her name,
In his home, ever welcome, you’ll find her the same.
One often sees “Faith” clasp his dear sister’s hand,
For they are bound close with love’s holy band.

The house was well built with a wing to the side,
The whole family does always there abide —
And we are so glad that they with us can dwell,
For help from “Uncle Faith,” we daily need well.

Much higher up in the heaven so blue
The home of the “King” some day we shall view,
Just there is a well, so deep and so pure,
Whence “Uncle Faith” gets his strength to endure.

Much that perplexes comes to me nigh,
But I am trained for the sweet home on high.
Some day I shall enter the golden door —
To the “King’s” house, to dwell there for evermore.

Welcome Visitors.

One day I read in my Bible so dear
Some precious promises given us there;
No book compares with God's holy word,
The best book of all of which you have heard.

Dear "Little Cheer-Up" with wonderful bliss —
Approached very quiet — gave Auntie a kiss,
His eyes were just shining, his lips wore a smile
He had been talking with his Uncle a while.

A wonderful something our eyes did behold,
Shining in light green and beautiful gold;
This was "Miss Hope," in appearance serene,
Wearing a garment of colors light green.

Then as we gazed at the colors so bright,
"Miss Joy" came in also, great was our delight;
To tell more about it would be useless to try,
For all our understanding it quite passeth by!

In St. Paul 1913.

We decided to take a few days of rest
To rewrite my manuscript — thought it was best.
Yes — it is finished, but we'll have to wait,
For we lack money for printing — sad to relate.

At Stronge and Warner's we worked for a while,
There we were busy with hats and with style;
Oh, what a tripping we did over there,
The ladies were fitted for Vanity Fair.

If we would walk for a couple of blocks,
We got a glimpse of the windows at Schocks,
Dry goods and notions he sells not at all,
But the very best butter you can get in St. Paul.

Good things to eat — you can buy this at Schock,
He has just what you need, for large is his stock.
But if I should describe them all in detail,
A check Mr. Schock would have to send me by mail.

Some help I am hoping to find in my pen,
It always from youth to me was a friend,
The strain in business for me is too strong,
Drive the horse slowly, when he's trotted so long.

Working the whole day I hardly could stand,
But I needed to stay till the season was at end,
Then, time for vacation! It surely was fine,
But little of money laid up that was mine.

"Little Cheer-Up's" Summer Vacation 1913.

We sat for a while with a serious look,
Oh, if we only had printed our book —!
To ask for a loan — we courage did lack,
When shall we be able to pay it all back?

This difficult point we must "row" all around,
But poor us, in great strength we did not abound,
Oh, thou "great ship" — having a banquet on board,
Throw out "a line", help us over this fjord.

A friend home in Norway loaned money to me;
Then "Little Cheer-Up" was glad, don't you see,
He lifted his head — and he brushed his suit, too,
We hastened to see what the printer would do.

We saw the superintendent, and told him this thing:
"Only half of the payment just now can we bring."
But think — what a remark this man did make,
He answered: "That risk we are willing to take."

My "Little Cheer-Up's" face with a radiance did shine,
His fulness of joy he could hardly confine,
May God this generous man richly repay
Who so kindly helps poor poets upon their way.



"A watchman now opened the door of the court
"Little Cheer-Up" was freed — through the door he went forth."

I am thankful to God for this help I have found,
"Markblomster" were printed, I am spreading them
'round;

I'm traveling about, meet the few and the throng,
And dear "Little Cheer-Up", of course, is along.

Former friends' good-will was always the same,
And new ones we have found wherever we came;
To write all their names, I could not take time;
Said "Cheer-Up": "Keep this for yourself, aunty
mine!"

One winter we lived at ease in Saint Paul,
"Little Cheer-Up" had no disturbance at all;
In the spring he frolicked, was happy as a lark,
'Mid the trees and the flowers in Merriam Park.

My book was recommended by "Ungdommens Ven",
And through this I have found many a good friend;
A few other papers said words that were kind,
Good luck to my efforts, I surely will find.

"Little Cheer-Up" is taken along on Journeys in N. D.
In Red River Valley.

In Red River Valley it is pleasant to be —
There are many trees, both great and small to see,
A certain spot there he found which he liked best,
Where a shade-giving elm gave him comfort and rest.

“Miss Hope” and Miss Love” on that trip came along,
The aged “Dame Trust” joined herself to that throng.
But later she dares not to walk in that lane,
This brought “Little Cheer-Up” a great deal of pain.

In the stately elm’s shadow, away from the heat,
“Little Cheer-Up” did rest, and he found it was
sweet;

But how could he go, when “Dame Trust” stayed
away?

It was daring of “Little Cheer-Up” I say.

At times he looks up at the leaf-covered top.
But he dares not climb so very far up,
For the roots are not grounded deep in the earth.
In a windstorm the tree would not be much worth.

Out on a Business Trip and back to Red River Valley.

We came back to the valley, our trip at an end,
And soon “Little Cheer-Up” again saw his friend --
In such a poor soil this elm should not stay,
To a much safer spot should move right away.

In the “Lord’s Garden” it is safest to be —
He wished somebody would transplant his tree,
But who will do it, the soil to bombard?
The earth ’round the root is tramped down so hard

“Miss Hope” to him whispered: “Don’t you give up,”
With courage looks up to the leaf-covered top, —
“Miss Love” will help you make easy the work,
Give strength to your hands, so you never will shirk.

Then “Uncle Faith” talked with “Cheer-Up” a while,
“Let us tell it to our ‘King’,” — he said with a smile.
“Yes, don’t fail to speak with Him every day,
He is the only one that can help us — I say.”

The elm he embraced — it was such a charm,
And rested like child on its dear mother’s arm,
He wrote on the trunk with an imprint so clear:
“Built safe on the Rock — the wise need not fear.”

The odd Rosebush at “Little Cheer-Up”’s Resting Place.

The elm tree now stands in a beautiful place,
And close by a rosebush lifts its sweet face.
But if he’s bewitched by the sweet-smelling rose,
“Mrs. Common Sense” takes him, and hold him quite
close.

Some times “Mrs. Common Sense” makes a com-
plaint,
When she “Cheer-Up” finds ’mid the roses quite faint,
She wraps him so tight in her bountiful cape
And over the hill her burden she’ll take.

With a sharp voice she cried out: "My boy, I tell you,
Look out for the fragrance, you little one, too,
If ever again you go down to that place,
One of us old ones must be on the chase."

Although rather hard, she was right, he well knew,
But — quarrel with "Common Sense" — that never
would do.

If she went away that would be a great loss,
For she is so wise — and we need her with us.

Whenever a chance — off started the boy,
Which did the "Old Common Sense" greatly annoy,
A thorn one day, made his foot very sore —
When he tried to walk, it pained him the more.

Then she wrote a complaint — she felt that she must,
To grave "Judge Conscience," who is good and just;
Then you may know what the old judge got up,
He brought into the court my "Little Cheer-Up."

"Little Cheer-Up's" Lamentation.
Comforted by "Miss Hope."

Oh, — I am ordered in court to appear,
Just now when I am tired and sick with fear —
"Miss Hope" whispered to him: "Don't lose your
head."

His foot she did dress, and put him to bed.

"Little Cheer-Up" has a splendid Defender.

Into the court room, he keeps to the rear,
The hour is approaching, he feels rather queer.
His name is called out, he is walking so sad,
The verdict is read: "Self-willed and bad."

The air in the court-room was close and dense;
The first called to witness was "Old Common Sense";
But "Miss Love", his defender, her voice did raise
And spoke so well that she won him the case.

Lucky was he that his defender did come,
For else he would surely have met with his doom.
A watchman now opened the door of the court,
"Little Cheer-Up" was freed — through the door he
went forth.

We take a Trip, and return again to the Red River Valley.

We both came back to the valley again,
"Little Cheer-Up" wanted to see his dear friend;
But no more could he find a rest for his foot,
The tree had a "snake" lurking down at the root.

Tears streamed down "Cheer-Up's" face at the sight,
How sorry he felt for the elm-tree's plight —
It surely will kill the flourishing tree —
He in great anguish went down on his knee.

The danger is great — it must be moved right away,
But the elm would rather with the others stay;
The tree is unable itself to find out,
That down at the root the sly snake is about.

But, if it would do like my "Little Cheer-Up",
No longer it would in such a place stop,
But hasten away from the slime and turmoil
And pray to be moved to a much safer soil.

With tears in his eyes he then turns away;
"Miss Hope" whispers to him: "Oh, go not — I pray,
Talk to the "King" — you "my father" will lead,
Of old they're acquainted, your case he will plead."

When it has been moved to much safer ground,
Our hearts with songs of praise then will abound.
Secure at the top we could feather our nest,
And then with the storm we could wage a contest.

Even though our dwelling we there should not rear,
The tree must be moved, — for the storm's coming
near.

"Miss Love," she will never that case give away,
The tree will be moved, most surely, one day.

So comfortingly spoke "Miss Hope" good and fair,
She answers to a name she did fittingly bear, —
Just now "Uncle Faith" came in through the door,
Comforted "Little Cheer-Up" as ever before.



"Though tired from his travels all over the land, —
"Little Cheer-Up" still smiles, with his earnings in hand."

He knows what for my "Little Cheer-Up" is best,
He always will help him to comfort and rest,
Probably he do need it more than before,
Now when his heart and emotions are sore.

**We take part in the Norwegian's Celebrations
in a sensible Way.**

In the Red River Valley when summer is fair
So many Norwegians were gathering there;
To remember their old homes in Norway so dear,
With song and with feasting they celebrate here.

Then "Cheer-Up" was busy, faithful and true,
He assisted me, as he always will do,
I surely was wise then and right on the spot,
And sold to Norwegians my books, a great lot.

This taxed my strength, and it wore me so,
I learned it was better to go more slow, —
Well, now we both must take a rest, I fear,
"You need it greatly," said my "Cheer-Up" dear.

But, our vacation was not very long,
We could not rest on the plain with the throng,
In rain and in dampness we dared not stop,
"Don't want to get sick," said my "Little Cheer-Up."

But a change we had in the busiest time,
We rested our feet, when we wrote our rhyme,
Then expositions were held both south and north,
And my "Little Cheer-Up" went busily forth.

The whole Family out for a Walk.

In wonderful splendor the Valley was dressed,
"Mrs. Common Sense" said that a walk was the best ;
"The whole family" must go, not one, but all,
For we must take good care of "Cheer-Up" so small.

We felt so refreshed by the crisp fall air,
But missed the fragrance of the roses so rare ;
Though "Old Common Sense" is ever alert —
Watching the bush, that "Cheer-Up" be not hurt.

A branch with a flourishing bud she could see —
Was rubbing itself 'gainst the leaf-covered tree ;
She must still exercise a good deal of care,
For fragrance of roses still may be there.

Cheered and refreshed by the fall air we were,
Even "Common Sense" was happier than before, —
I was very surprised when I saw her stop,
To kiss and pet my dear "Little Cheer-Up."

I think "Old Common Sense" would not be so cross
If somewhere a home was established for us,
And daily the fragrance of roses enjoy —
Then nothing would "Mrs. Common Sense" annoy.

But "Cheer-Up" and I travel onward, you know,
We need "Old Common Sense" wherever we go,
From place to place, as we travel about,
It is best to be friends — I have no doubt.

"Little Cheer-Up" succeeds in North Dakota.

Dakota he likes — never passes it by,
The people are friendly, and the State is dry. —
Oh, what a blessing the people did choose,
By putting a stop to liquor and booze.

How we wish they would in this struggle succeed,
But mighty the foes we meet here indeed —
We enter this conflict with all our might,
A treacherous foe we here have to fight.

The man walks around under cover of dark,
Having from liquor the stamp and the mark,
Consumed by the thirst for this poisonous stuff,
Of which he's had too much, but never enough.

His soul will be lost, — and his body break down,
This unhappy man must be helped ere he drown,
But how can we save the poor sinking man?
We want prohibition all over the land.

Oh, if we could hear the lament and the cry,
That comes from the victims afar and near by,
Mothers and children their fate do bemoan,
Because the father goes to the saloon.

“King Alcohol”, what sorrow you have wrought!
To many both sickness and death you have brought,
Suffering more than our words can convey,
Killed many more than in war they could slay.

This tyrant must go from all of our land,
All up in array, each woman and man,
Fighting like heroes against Alcohol,
He must be banished from pole unto pole.

The Departing from North Dakota drawing near.

Traveling out west and up north is the same;
Good friends we did find wherever we came;
We traveled by train and by automobile,
My “Cheer-Up” was helpful and showed his good will.

On travels we meet almost all kinds of folks —
“Little Cheer-Up” discerns nearly all by their looks;
Wherever we go, “Markblomster” we sell,
So when we return, they will know us quite well.

When through with this trip at last we shall be,
Red River Valley we hope once more to see, —
Then we will take leave with “Peer” and with “Paul,”
When we shall meet again, we don’t know at all.

For then we will pack up and take it with ease,
I know our departure will all be in peace;
Though tired from his travels all over the land
My “Cheer-Up” still smiles with his earnings in hand.

To the Reader.

Perhaps you say: “You can surely get through,
For “Cheer-Up” is an inheritance to you;
By nature I am sad and gloomy in mind,
Happiness seldom for me do I find.”

Do not lose courage, my very dear friend,
There’s some one can help you, will a remedy send;
The Great Helper, you know, is easy to find,
He is able to change your heart and your mind.

Happiness often on lips sounds so sweet,
But joy that will last must come from beneath,
Have joy in your heart — that alone will endure,
The joy *in our God* is so safe and secure.

Reader — I feel I must close with my song,
Perhaps we may meet again before long —
And then I'll present to you "Little Cheer-Up",
I know you will like him, and ask him to stop.

If you want a "Cheer-Up" who with you shall dwell,
The right one — his Uncle is "Faith" — I must tell,
I will recommend him, your mind he can lift,
For he is a blessed and wonderful gift.

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